

AUGUST 4, 1921

Life

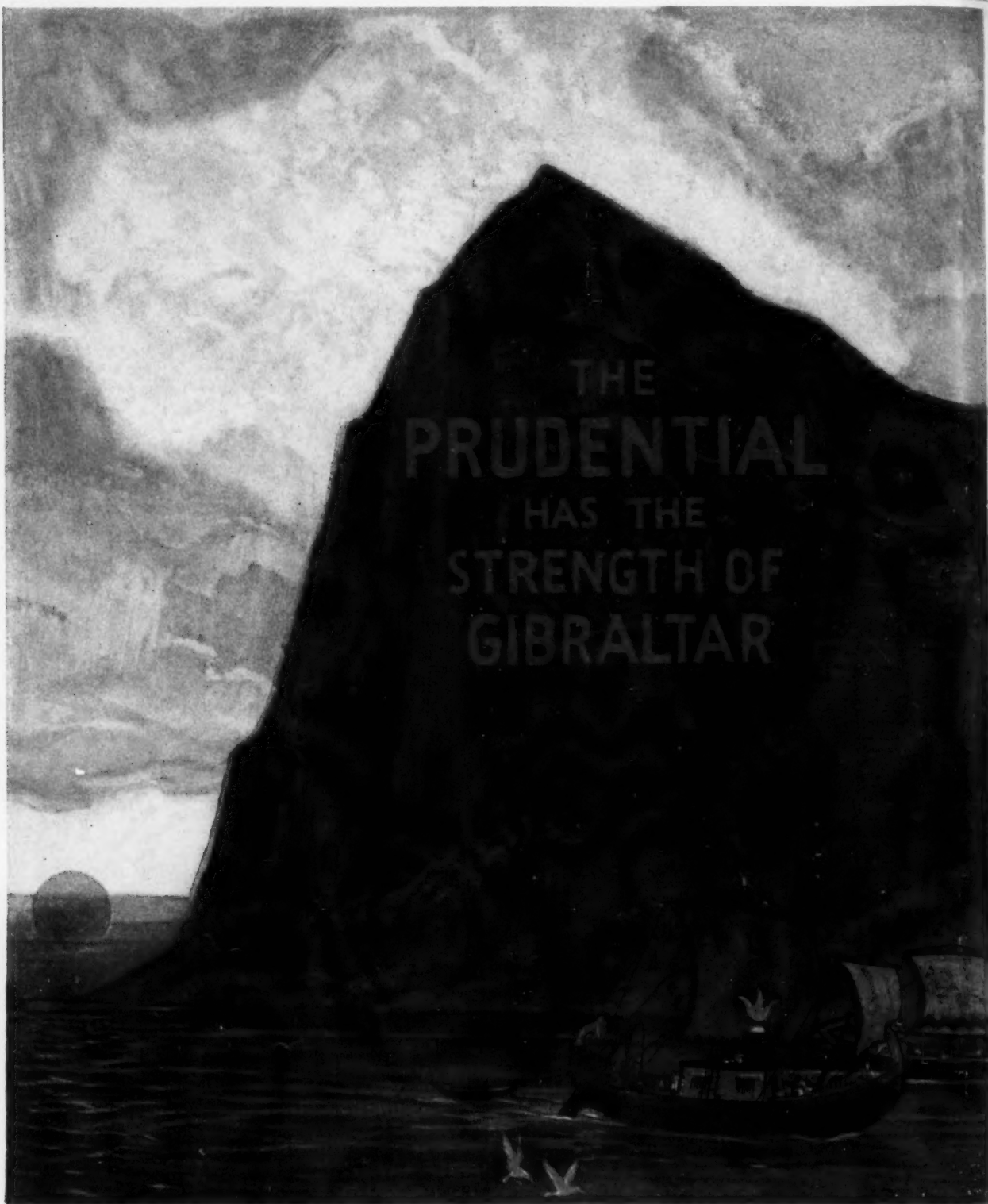
PRICE 15 CENTS



AUG 2 1921

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For Divers Reasons



PTOLEMY, EARLY KING OF EGYPT, SENT A FLEET OF GALLEYS TO CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, A CRUISE OF 15,000 MILES. BUT IN SPITE OF ADVANCEMENT IN NAVIGATION, SCIENCE AND ART, ANCIENT CIVILIZATION FELL. IT FAILED TO PROVIDE PERSONAL FREEDOM AND PROTECTION THROUGH ITS INSTITUTIONS. THE PRUDENTIAL IS A PROTECTIVE INSTITUTION OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.

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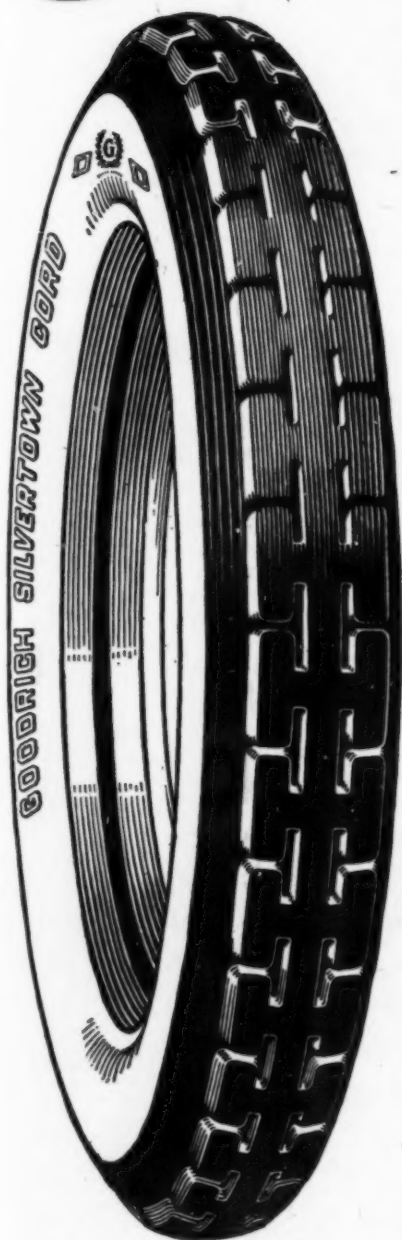
FORREST F. DRYDEN, *President*

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Life

Butterflies

TO what white, rapturous music do they dance—
These airy darlings of the summer skies?

What radiant flowers, a-bloom beyond our eyes,
Lure them on gay-winged wandering to romance?
Our earthbound ears, grown dull with dissonance
Of toil, and earthbound eyes, fail to apprise
Our hearts of those far joys in any wise—
How have we missed our full inheritance?

We watch them dreaming through an idle hour,
Musing a little on their destiny,
Then go our way, forgetting and unblessed—
While they, who sipped the nectar of the flower,
And spent their whole life in swift ecstasy,
With all our excellence are unimpressed!

Ethel M. Pomeroy.



Captain Spider Jones: All those in favor of this motion say "Aye." All those opposed to it'll get their faces pushed in. Motion carried.

Purely Literary

Scene I. Afternoon tea, corner, He and She seated, balancing teacups and sandwiches.

HE: What do you think of "Drab Alley"?



HE: Oh, it's cleverly done, a beautiful piece of writing. The man has quite a genius for catching phrases and remembering them, but beyond that—

SHE: I think it's a wonderful book. So absolutely true to life.

HE (with dangerous gesticulation of his cup): That's just the point. It's a perfectly accurate photograph, but who, after all, wants a photograph of a stupid little town out west?

SHE (setting down her cup on recently vacated chair and confronting him with a critical smile): But, don't you see, that's the art of it. He depicts life with great realism; and, after all, what is art if it does not depict life?

HE (conscious that they are talking at cross purposes): I'm afraid you don't quite get my point. In the first place, I don't think that kind of life justifies being depicted. . . .

SHE: It's the life of the backbone of our nation. . . .

HE: Well, but let me go on. . . .

In the second place, there is no real art in a mere photograph. To produce a work of art, the artist must put something of himself into it. (With sudden inspiration.) That's what gives it its lyric quality!

SHE (a little bewildered and seeking a ground of agreement): I'll admit, of course, that in real life that girl would never have married that man.

HE: Ah, there I disagree with you. It was a case of mere physical attraction. That is one of the realistic parts of the photograph. Any girl would have done the same thing.

SHE (coldly): Oh, you think so.

HE: I mean any girl in her position.

SHE: How little you understand women. Of course, what happened afterward was true enough.

HE: After their marriage, you mean. Oh, of course, it was a natural development. That is, if you can call anything a development in so—so—so static a novel.

SHE: And certainly it had the right kind of an ending.

HE: For that kind of a book, per-

haps. It would have to end in that—on that—note to be consistent—consistently photographic.

SHE: I'm afraid we shall never agree. But then, of course, it is disagreements like this that make the book sell.

HE: Of course.

SHE: Well, anyway, it's nice to find someone nowadays who is really interested in books. I'm afraid I must be going.

(Juggling of teacups.)

Scene II. Next morning. Interior of the Fiction Circulating Library, Inc.

LIBRARIAN (to Lady of the teacup): I'm sorry, madam, it's been out for weeks. But let me send you a postal next time it is returned. . . .

SHE: Oh, don't bother.

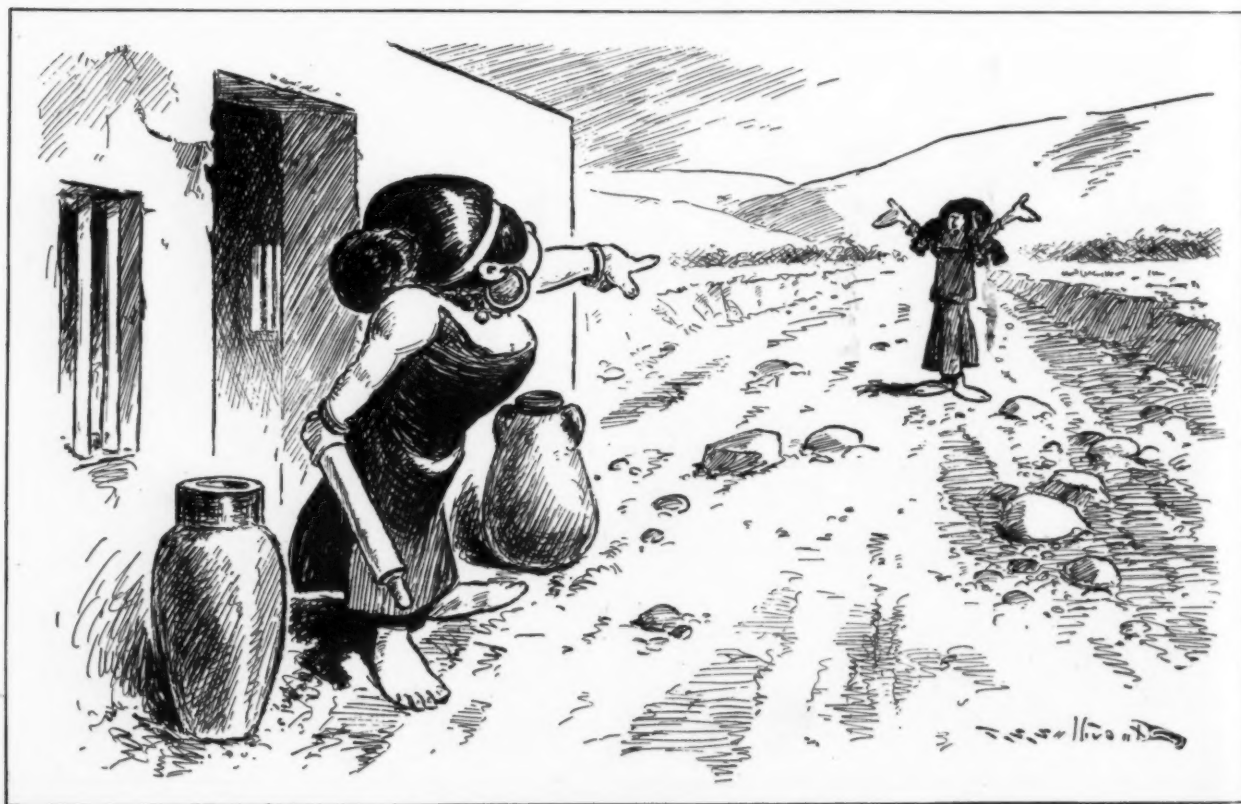
Scene III. Interior of bookstore.

SALESMAN (to Gentleman of the teacup): Not one in the place. Can't keep 'em in stock. Perhaps I could order one. . . .

HE: Oh, it's hardly worth while.

(Repeat indefinitely.)

Roger Burlingame.



Jonah tells about spending the weekend with a whale.

Picked Up on the Beach

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

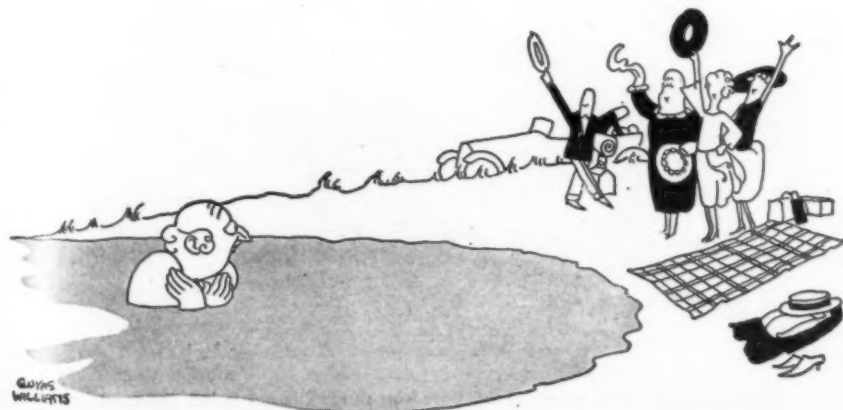
There has never been a satisfactory explanation of why anyone indulges in surf-bathing. The sensation of being whirled head over toes is similar to that of drinking a quart of whisky that you have bought from the dark-whiskered stranger on the street corner, and the consequences are likely to be as serious. At least so thinks Mr. Ferdinand Stubb, who, after being stood on his face, mistook Miss Miffers for part of the pier, with every prospect of being moored for life.



There is really no privacy on a beach. How could Mr. Horatio Hardcastle know, when he settled himself for a nap, that his playful nephews would make a sandcastle of him, and why should his daughter Heloise and her turtle-dove suspect the inviting hillock? After listening to the love-nest stuff as long as he could, Mr. Hardcastle decided enough was enough—and said so.



Mr. Wimple is the self-appointed life of the beach. His fund of jests is apparently inexhaustible; he can splash water down your throat when you come up for breath, he can push you off the raft or pull you under water by your leg. His best trick of all is to imitate a horseshoe crab by swimming under water and suddenly nipping your toe. His technique in this particular is almost flawless.



The tide waits for no man, not even for Judge Wilbert Pimpenny. What with the warm day, the tempting water and the secluded cove, the usually discreet Judge decided not to bother to go back for his bathing-suit. He really is not to be blamed, for he had no way of knowing that the Throckwhipples would choose this spot, of all others, for their picnic. Be that as it may, the tide is going out at the rate of three feet an hour, and the judge had better do something about it.



Sanctum Talks

"MAY I come in?"

"Certainly. Whom have I the honor of—why, hello, Mr. Morgenthau! I'm right glad to see you."

"You really—?"

"Surest thing you know. You look tired. Take this easy—"

"I am tired, LIFE; this Zionist movement makes me very tired."

"More tired than Henry Ford does?"

"Dear me, yes. We Jews are certainly having a hard time of it; Henry Ford is nothing; it's only when we get fighting among ourselves that the real trouble begins."

"What's the matter with the Zionist movement, Mr. Morgenthau?"

"Why, it's not only thoroughly impractical, but it's wrong. My friends ought to see it by this time."

"Idealists?"

"I fancy so; and my people. The world is increasing at the rate of eighteen million a year, and all the Jews there are number only about thirteen million. If we cannot be Americans in America, we certainly cannot be Jews in Palestine."

"What can I do about it?"

"Well, it's no joke. And as for you, LIFE—"

"My dear friend, you don't quite understand. I don't know of any man that I would rather associate with than a man like you; it seems to me that you are an American first, and a Jew afterwards."

"Exactly."

"It seems to me that you have qualities that we Americans might well envy—"

"Now, now—"

"Wait a moment; you have a great responsibility, Mr. Morgenthau. You see, I have to bring up a country; you have to bring up a race; you have both, and I have only one."

"That is the reason why I want you to help me, LIFE, by not—"

"My dear Ambassador, if there is anything I don't like about your people I'll whisper it in your ear."

"And if there is anything I don't like about—"

"Our people, Mr. Morgenthau?"

"Our people, LIFE. Thank you, and good morning."

"Au revoir!"

T. L. M.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-four years. In that time it has expended \$191,130.33 and has given a fortnight in the country to 41,505 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$15,994.38
Carroll B. Whitcomb, Brooklyn, N. Y.	10.00
"In memory of Dr. C. W. B., " Pas-	
saic, N. J.	50.00
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Mrs. S. T. Adair, Yonkers, N. Y.	2.00
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Frank Prentice Rand, North Amherst,	
Mass.	5.00
H. S. Eaton, Westfield, Mass.	10.00
In memory W.H.C., Springfield, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. Sam'l Bird, Jr., Ridgefield, Conn.	20.00

(Continued on page 30)



"Mother, if I was to try awful hard, do you think I could be six instead of five my next birthday?"



The Questionnaire

Copyright Life Pub. Co.

Life



Lines

FREE verse: the triumph of mind
over meter.

* * *

Few heavy drinkers, according to the
drys, can ever hope to rise to high places
in the world. But there are many who
would rather be tight than president.

* * *

U. S. Steel Corporation song hit:—
Oh, What a Pal Was Gary!

* * *

Firemen Play Ball as Fire House Burns
—*New York Herald*.

It would have been much more to the
point had they played hose.

* * *

Before entering office, public officials are
sworn in. Before leaving, they are
cussed out.

* * *

Grand Opera is said to be dying
out.

Why not? The movies afford
less competition to conversation.

* * *

If you think it's hard to get a
telephone number, just try to get
a telephone installed.

* * *

Two prominent deaconesses, re-
turning to Zion City, Ill., after a
trip East, declared that New York
is far more wicked than Chicago.
At the time of going to press, it
is not known what the Chicago
Chamber of Commerce intends to
do about this gross insult.

* * *

"As a man thinketh, so is he,"
evidently doesn't apply to some of
these birds who think they know
it all.

* * *

Three Hundred Striking Mon-
treal Pressmen Return to Work.
—*Headline*.

A reversion to type, as you might
say.

* * *

Adam's first remark after the Al-
mighty put breath into him was:
"This is the life!"

* * *

Germany hopes U. S. will soften
terms, says a recent dispatch.
If these honest Teutonic tears
continue, the national dachshund

will be metamorphosed into a croco-
dile.

* * *

Future automobiles are to be made of
cotton, formaldehyde and glue.—*News
Item*.

We always thought that Henry Ford
would eventually exhaust the world's
supply of tin.

* * *

Many a young lad whose real ambition
is to grow up and become a successful
pugilist turns into nothing but a United
States Senator.

* * *

The conclusion of the war was recently
celebrated quietly in some of our news-
papers. Surely you remember; the one
we had with Germany.



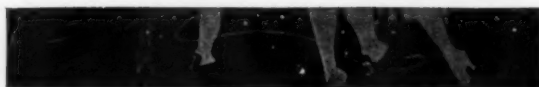
Let's

By Berton Braley

LET'S dance! I am fed up on stunts educational,
Weary and dreary from training my mind,
Bored with discussing, at teas conversational,
Books and the drama and things of that kind.
Let's can the critical dope analytical,
Give our brains rest and our muscles a chance,
Down with the highbrow stuff—uplifted eyebrow stuff,
Snuggle up close to me, Phyllis, let's dance!

Let's dance! We have talked Aristotle and Phidias,
Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Henry James, Freud,
Now let us yield to the rhythm insidious,
Dance to the jazz it is hard to avoid;
Chuck all ecstatic tunes operatical,
Give to Debussy and Bach not a glance,
Come on, let's turn again backward to Kern again,
Herbert and Hirsch and Berlin, and let's dance!

Let's dance where the saxophone moans syncopatedly,
Coaxing each fibre to shiver and shake,
Helped by the trap-drummer, who, unabatedly,
Sways to the clamor his instruments make,
Blithely and breezily, lithely and easily,
Clingingly, swingingly, couples advance,
We'll show 'em trickery learned from Terpsichore,
Phyllis, you shake a mean shimmy, let's dance!



The Parisian Gendarmes' historic sabres
are to be replaced by clubs.

And the historic slogan, "*en garde*," will
probably be replaced by the French for
"Swat that guy!"

* * *

When stocks go up it is encouraging, be-
cause it is evidence that somebody must
have faith in something.

* * *

Along around the first of next January,
New York voters will unite in singing,
"Where, Oh, Where Has My Hylan
Laddie Gone?"

* * *

Definition of a Dentist—A man who
works chiefly on nerve.

* * *

Pershing has authorized the
wearing of Sam Browne belts by
U. S. army officers.

There goes the last hope of a per-
manent peace.

* * *

America is a country on which the
moonshine never sets.

* * *

We are relieved to hear that
President Harding has been en-
gaging in penny-matching con-
tests with some of his Senatorial
friends:

It is a far more profitable pastime
for our executives than the old
practice of matching minds.

* * *

There is still too much bitters in
the international cocktail.

* * *

Pussyfoot Johnson has arrived in
Copenhagen to aid in the drive
for national prohibition.

What was it Hamlet said about
the State of Denmark?

* * *

A soft drink turneth away
laughter.

* * *

If President De Valera does suc-
ceed in establishing a lasting
peace with England, it is a safe
bet that the Sinn Fein populace
will reward him with impeach-
ment.

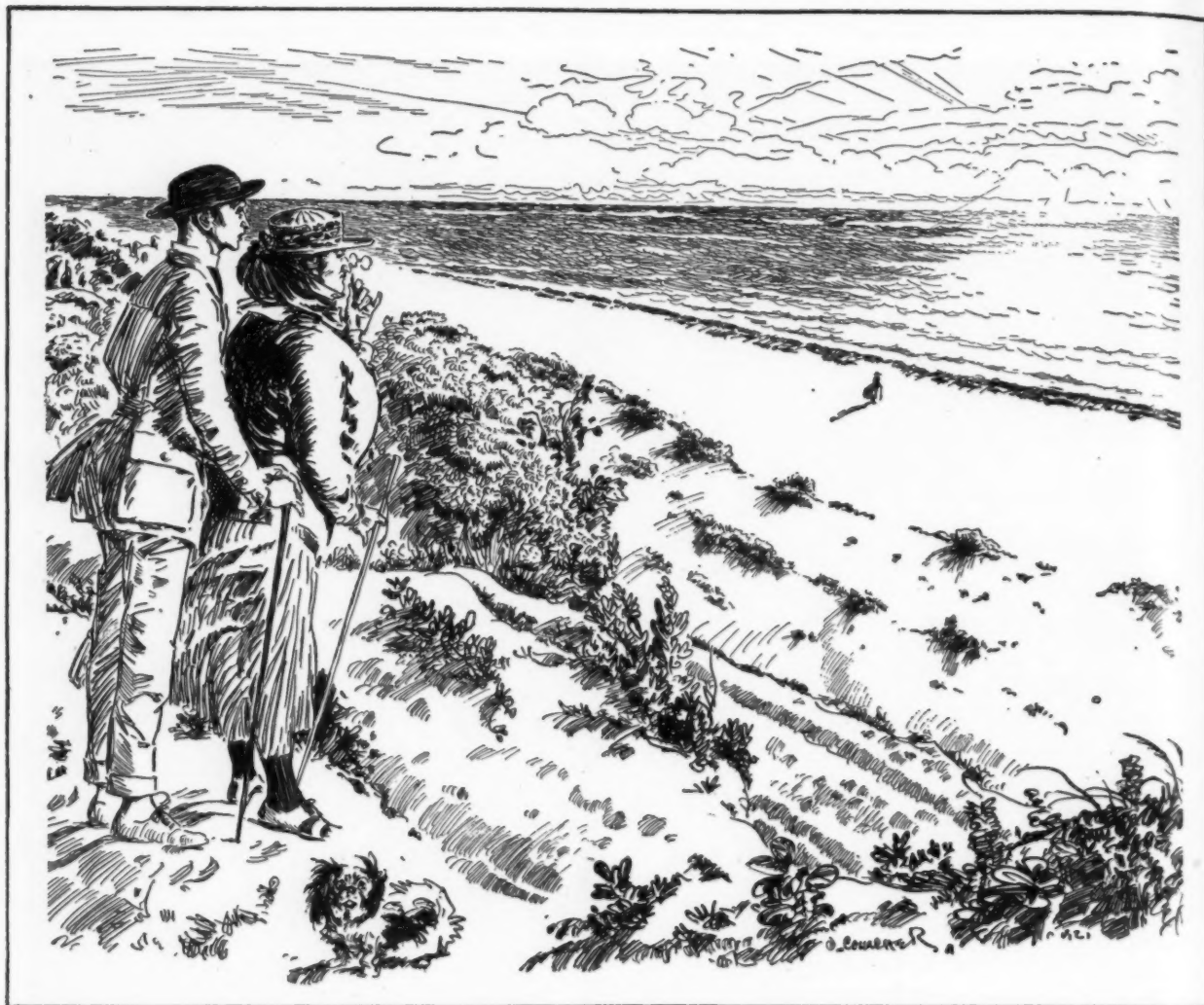
* * *

The end of a perfect day is a
cool night.

Drawn by Charles Forbell



"No, Henry, I prefer the seashore. I suggested the mountains only because I thought you liked them better."
"Dash it, Maria, I hate the mountains. I didn't say so before because I didn't want to be selfish."



He: How beautiful!

She: Yes, isn't she! That is my eldest daughter, Harriet.

Denaturing the Cave Men

COMES the information from the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago that cave men were most considerate in their wooing and gentle to their mates. Wall scratchings in one of the caves, when translated, were found to be a complete set of rules of deportment for young bachelors desirous of ending their state of single blessedness. An abstract of the rules follows.

1. Spikes must be removed from clubs in the mating season. Any man found walloping his fiancée with a spiked club will be haled before the tribunal of women, made to pose for twenty-four hours as a clothes form and then thrown to the dinosaurs.
2. Rocks over six inches in diameter will be used under no circumstances.
3. A clean knockout will be considered more favorably than consent obtained by persistent battering.
4. Hair pulling must be done in proportion with the length and amount of the hair.
5. No girl, however coy, is to be held under water for more than two minutes at a time.

6. Pet sabre-tooth tigers, brontosaurus measuring over half a mile square and trick pterodactyls are not to be used to influence nervous and neurotic subjects.

7. No girl, at any time, under any circumstances is to suffer the indignity of being made to get off the back of a mastodon and walk home.

8. Attempts to ingratiate prospective fathers-in-law by walloping prospective mothers-in-law will be severely dealt with.

9. Kicks must be delivered with the side of the foot only.

10. The proposed benedict will assume full responsibility for any permanent injuries sustained by the object of his affections.

Under penalty of being fed to the megalosaurians, or worse.

Henry William Hanemann.

So This Is a Free Country

"STEP lively," says the guard in the subway.

"Move on," says the policeman.

"Don't walk on the grass," reads the sign in the park.

"Grape juice," says the bartender.

Some Letters of Recommendation

Mr. Stillman had written a letter of introduction in which he recommended himself to the real estate agent as "Mr. Leeds."

Newspaper Report.

From Bryan to Bryan

DEAR Friend:

The bearer of this, Mr. W. J. Bryan, has been on more or less intimate terms with me for some years, and I have listened to him so much that I have become fairly accustomed to him. I will say, however, that in spite of this fact, he has often driven me to grape juice. Although a man of very high integrity, he is sometimes very devilish, especially when running for office—but he is getting over this rapidly and I don't think it will ever occur again. Anything you can do to keep him quiet hereafter will be appreciated.

Chatauquataalkily yours,

W. J. BRYAN.

From Straton to Straton

BELOVED Brethren:

I take pleasure in recommending to your attention Mr. John Roach Straton, the bearer of this. If you want anyone to go into the slums, report dives, or obtain salacious evidence—in fact, any sort of rough work that no self-respecting American would want to indulge in, he is your man. I cannot speak of him too highly. Besides, he needs the notoriety.

Yours for the short skirt,

JOHN ROACH STRATON.



"The Beardsleys have remarried, haven't they?"

"Yes. He couldn't afford to pay her the alimony."

From Harvey to Harvey

GENTLEMEN:

This will introduce to you Mr. George Harvey, who has been known to me personally for some time. He is a man of intense honesty and the most invariable good taste—was never known to be anything but a high-minded gentleman. He is also very modest. In fact, he is so modest that he shrinks from the slightest publicity. During the last campaign, for example, he kept himself in the background so much that it became a public scandal, and Mr. Harding just had to drag him forth. His refinement is only exceeded by his diplomacy.

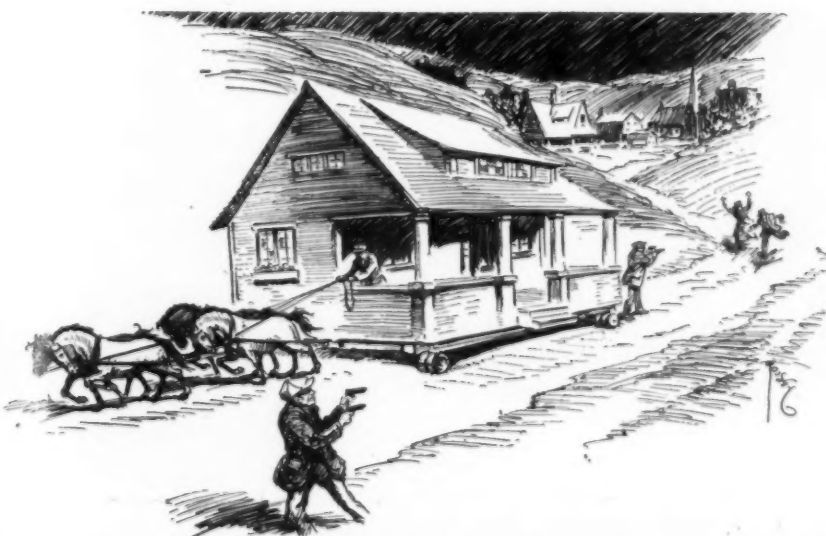
Cordially and sincerely yours,

GEORGE HARVEY.

THE CUSTOMER (in drug store):

You seem to have everything in this place but what a man really needs.

CLERK: And about how much of that would you like, sir?



During the house shortage the Browns forgot to leave a guard in charge of their cottage while they went to the movies.

Ahoy! The Peace Portal

PLEASE take notice that the Peace Portal is to be dedicated on September 6th.

Keep that in mind. Brother Sam Hill, of the State of Washington, is interested in it and wants it known.

The Peace Portal is at Blaine, the northern extremity of the Pacific Highway where the road crosses the line of British Columbia going on to Vancouver. The highway runs south from Vancouver through British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and California to San Diego and the Mexican border—about two thousand miles.

The Peace Portal is an arch and its purpose is to remind folks that the United States and Canada have got along for one hundred years without fighting. Brother Hill says that it is the first arch in the world to be put up to celebrate peace. All the other arches have been sequences of a fight. The

date of the celebration, as said, is September 6th, but the Portal will remain after the celebration, and so will the Pacific Highway. Both are commended to the attention of people who have the time to go round and inspect the remarkable improvements in this very, very remarkable world, especially in winter.

Lucky Dog

"THE only friend Withers has in the whole wide world is his dog."

"Yes, and it is beginning to tell on him."

"What, on Withers?"

"No, on his dog."

Essentials

WILLIS: How do you expect to run a brokerage office with only two assistants?

GILLIS: That's all I need—one to tell the customers what to buy and the other to figure out how much they lost.

Recipe for an After-dinner Speech

THREE long breaths.

Compliment to the audience.

Funny Story.

Outline of what speaker is *not* going to say.

Points that he will touch on later.

Two Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Outline of what speaker is going to say.

Points that he has not time to touch on now.

Reference to what he said first.

Funny Story.

Compliment to the audience.

Ditto to our City, State and Country.

Applause.

N. B. For an oration, use same formula, repeating each sentence three times in slightly different words.

Mary Eleanor Roberts.



Stranger (at palace gate): This is visitors' day at the palace, is it not?

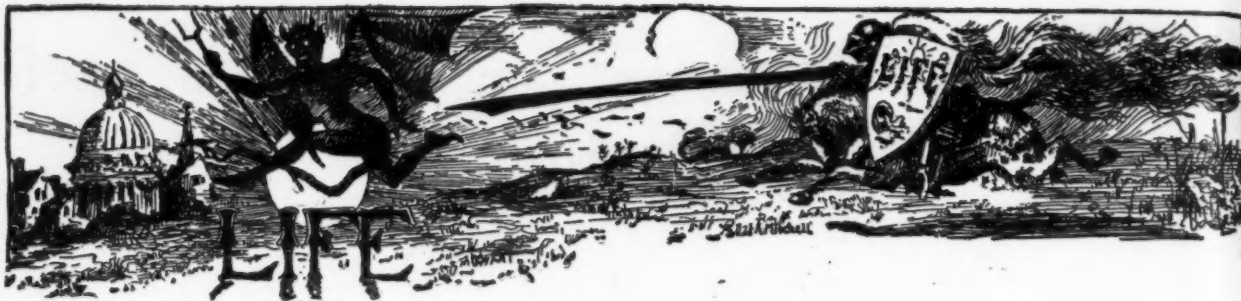
Attendant: Yes, sir. Shall I show you about?

"Oh, don't trouble yourself. I used to be king here once."



Sound Reason

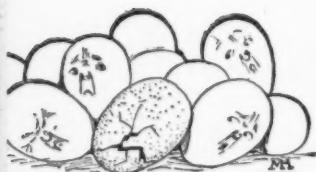
"Shall we go and watch that pair play?"
"No. Let's listen to this foursome for a few holes."



AUGUST 4, 1921

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 78 No. 2022

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANYLondon Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.
598 Madison Avenue, New York

HUDSON
HMAXIM,
who is begin-
ning to be a
venerable man

and lives in New Jersey, has been a contributor to the cause of peace in human affairs, but is not a pacifist. The way he has contributed to peace has been by helping to make war too hot for humanity. He introduced smokeless powder into the United States and got our government to adopt it. He invented Maximite—that very high explosive. He has been a member of the Naval Consulting Board since 1915. His business has been considerably with war and the means to make it and make it harder, nevertheless he does not favor it. He wants peace on earth so that he can turn his mind to raising better varieties of beans and helping to make life more agreeable. He thinks, as other people do, that it is time to take serious thought whether we can put our wits to better use than to invent new means of destruction. But he says, in the *Tribune*:

The greatest menace to modern free institutions is the politician. The greatest menace to civilization is the politician. The greatest war-breeder in the world is the politician.

We have heard much of the man behind the gun. There is a man behind the man behind the gun—the politician, who is responsible for all the gun-fire.

The greatest menace to the welfare of the human race to-day is that child of corruption and opportunity, the politician who for personal advantage will stop at nothing under heaven or over hell.

Those are unkind remarks to make about the politicians. But Mr. Maxim is right about the man behind the gun. He is not going to make war—not at present. He has had enough. Even the politicians have had a good deal of war

and are embarrassed by its consequences. But it is of them we are afraid—of them and the men behind them; for, of course, there always are men behind the politicians.



BUT in spite of our fears, there must be politicians. There must be managers of politics. It is the backward looking and the stupid ones and those who have a great greed for power that we are reasonably afraid of. They are not all of that type. Some of them are the very hope of the world. The important thing is not to exterminate or expel the politicians, but to back the right ones against the rest.

Evidently the case of Ireland is now in the hands of politicians. What we ought to hope for and pray for is that the best politicians will win. The news at this writing is that Ulster does not want to be with the rest of Ireland, but wants to be separate. Let us hope that she will get leave to try it for a while. It looks like rather bad business and Ulster does not like bad business. Neither does she like civil war. She has had about enough of that and has not found it profitable. If it were a choice between exterminating Ulster or letting the Irish troubles continue, there might be room for a good deal of discussion. But if there can be peace in Ireland if Ulster is merely left alone, it seems a pity not to have it on those terms.

ONE of the remarkable features of the Sinn Fein campaign for Ireland has been the use of prayer in politics. The Sinn Feiners are pious people. When they have had something serious at issue, condemned men about to die, conferences

of importance going on, they have assembled by the thousand and dropped down on their knees in the open and prayed. Their proceedings in this particular have been novel and impressive. They really have religion and the disposition to use it. The Ulsterites are reputed to be pious people—we import ministers from Ulster—but one does not hear of their putting their prayers in their politics as effectively as the South Irish do.

But we shall find out presently whether these Irish matters are in the hands of good politicians. If they can agree, there will be peace.



AND it is a good deal so with Japan, who is coy about going into a conference that may restrict her manoeuvres for expansion in the Pacific. She does not wish to be bound by a decision of any new court in what concerns Yap or Shantung. She has a surplus population for which she needs to provide. And like other countries Japan has two kinds of politicians; the kind that is out for material increase and greater power in the world, and looks to force and wiles to obtain it, and the other kind that sees more than that, and will understand and agree with their own sort in the other nations. But Japan will come into the conference to talk things over. She must. She is under the same compulsion as every one else. The money she made out of the war has got away from her. She cannot afford armament. She cannot afford war. She cannot afford any great expense that she can reasonably avoid. All the nations are alike in being down to hard pan. Some are down to harder pan than others, but the condition is all but



Father Time: Come on, Sam! Here's your summons to the World's Jury and you'll have to serve.

universal, and the pressure on all for conferences for peace and agreement never lets up. Our world is really undergoing steady and constant punishment, which will not cease until it consents to be intelligent. This condition is a great help to the good politicians.



PRESIDENT HARDING shows himself something very like a good politician in these times. The papers tell us that he is constantly exercising more power—not from choice but from necessity, because he cannot get Congress to do what it should unless he gives a lead about it. Our President is not at all greedy of responsibility, but he has to take a good deal. Congress was so modest about deciding on the merits of the Bonus bill that the President had to do that. He went over to the Capitol and told them, what everybody knew, that it was impossible to get any more money out of the taxpayers at present without calamitous consequences. He told them they could not pass the Bonus

bill as it stood, and they let it drop. Now he is trying to medicate the tariff bill, which seems to be a very badly diseased measure. He has begun with oil, telling Congress that we were trying to get hold of all the foreign oil possible so as not to draw so heavily on our own stock, and affairs being in that state the duty on petroleum was absurd, and so Congress dropped the duty on oil. Whether it will fix up the rest of the taxation to suit the President does not yet appear, but his judgment on legislation seems far from bad.

The truth about Mr. Harding is that people are not much afraid of him. In that respect he is like Smuts. People are not afraid of Smuts because they think he combines a very great capacity for affairs with a very high degree of general benevolence. Not many people rate Mr. Harding as a prodigy in capacity, but almost every one thinks of him as a man of great kindness, who wants to agree with others, and in a time when the great need of the world is for agreement, Mr. Harding's special talent is very valuable.

In the conference about Ireland and

in the coming conference on disarmament, the spirit in which the questions are approached is everything. Mr. Harding has a good spirit; there is no doubt about it. And he has some excellent men with him—Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Mellon especially—and is likely, out of the benevolence of his disposition and his disarming humility, to be a real help in fetching the world out of its troubles and starting it on a new course. His action about the disarmament conference in Washington is, of the highest value.



A WRITER on Freudianism in the *Weekly Review* suggests that the reason why comparatively few protests are made against the Freudian obsession is largely that the ordinary writer is afraid of being classed as unscientific.

But is it not rather that the ordinary writer is afraid of being bored—is bored with Freudianism and skips it? He knows that the bulk of it will blow over presently.

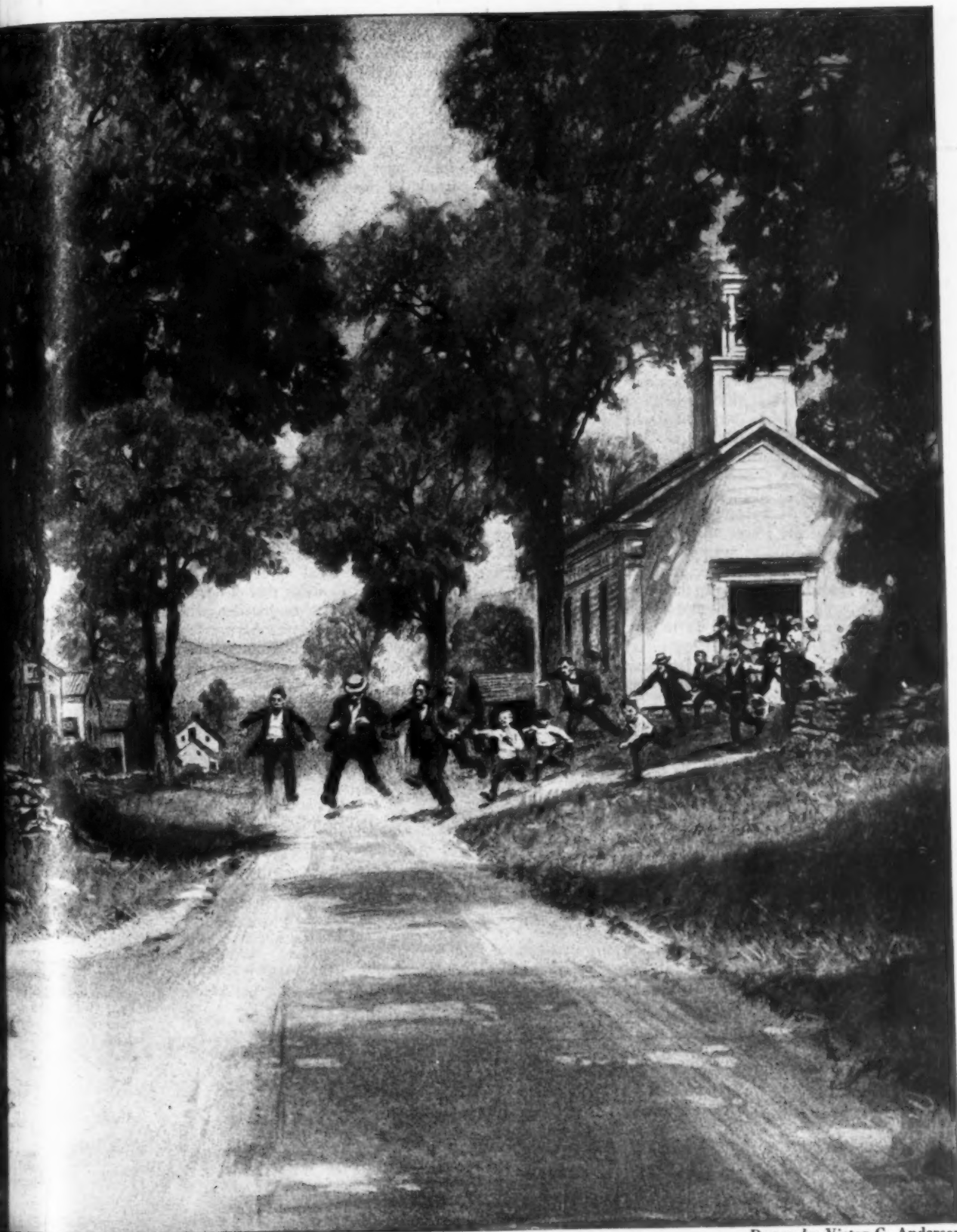
E. S. Martin.



VICTOR C. ANDERSON

A False Alarm

A Film



Drawn by Victor C. Anderson



Situations Wanted

THE theatrical slump has played strange favorites among the actors. In those few productions which it has allowed to totter along through the summer it has shown mercy to some comedians of, shall we say moderate talent, while ruthlessly throwing out of employment enough first-class entertainers to fill the stage at the Cort Theatre with Frolicking Friars in an All-Star Jamboree. Somewhere there is a hitch in the much-touted functionings of Justice.

Those who take part in the Jamboree are frankly out of a job. The opening chorus to the minstrel show says as much in so many words (and much cleverer words they are than most of the regular musical comedy lyrics). But if this department were to have its way (of which, experience has proved there is not the slightest danger in the world) most of these Friars would be immediately rushed into current attractions to take the places of an equal number of actors who could, oh, so easily, be spared. There are more laughs in a cubic foot of this informal performance than there are in most of the current revues put together.

It is perhaps not fair to the comedians in those revues to say that they are not so funny as these care-free, job-free Friars. The comedian in a revue has to say what the author has given him to say, while the Friars may do practically as they please. You can't expect a man to be very funny when

in his 'script he is called upon to say that the shorter the women's skirts are, the longer the men look. That isn't the actor's fault. In fact, a visit to the spontaneous performance at the Cort, where comedians who have never before been able to pry a laugh out of us, succeed to an alarming degree now that they are not dependent on a librettist, is almost enough to convince one that we have a great many really funny men on the stage if only the authors and managers would let them alone.



MOST of the acts in the Jamboree are quite crazy. This is a quality which most managers, with the exception of Mr. Cohan, are rather shy of. And yet, whenever actors get together on their own hook a delightful lunacy immediately becomes the base of operations, and one might think that the joy with which audiences receive it would give just the beginnings of an inkling to some managerial scout that it is a popular quality.

George M. Cohan's gorgeous burlesque of murder-mystery plays, "The Farrell Case," forms the center of the offering, and also shows the difference between Mr. Cohan and the author of the murder-mystery burlesque in "Snapshots of 1921." Harry Ruby, Bert Kalmar and Edward Dowling are entirely insane in a refined act, during which Mr. Kalmar obliges with original card tricks and whistling. It is explained by Mr. Dowling that others may have done card tricks before, but never in conjunction with whistling, and it may safely be said that never have worse card tricks or worse whistling been performed on the American stage, either separately or in unison. It is almost too good to be true.

Robert C. Benchley.



Confidential Guide



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Bat. *Morosco.*—It was almost a year ago that we saw this melodrama, and we are trembling yet.

The Green Goddess. *Booth.*—Many old-time thrillers combined in an effective modern setting, with George Arliss as a highly-polished villain.

Liliom. *Fulton.*—Barrie might write such a play when he grows up and has seen life. An outstanding event of the season.

Comedy and Things Like That

The First Year. *Little.*—Nothing but what you and your family do and say every day, but Frank Craven has made it seem hilariously funny.

Getting Gertie's Garter. *Republic.*—To be reviewed later.

Just Married. *Shubert.*—A honeymoon on an ocean liner, with byplay such as you might expect from such plays in the past. Lynne Overman, however, makes some of it very amusing.

Lightnin'. *Gaiety.*—Thank Heaven, this

play is closing on August 27th, after running three years. It was a question of which closed first, "Lightnin'" or the Confidential Guide, and we couldn't have kept it up another week.

Mr. Pim Passes By. *Garrick.*—A very pleasant little English comedy, delightfully played.

Nice People. *Klaw.*—Entertaining warning to our young folk, holding out farm life as a threat if they don't reform.

The Skylark. *Belmont.*—To be reviewed later.

The Teaser. *Playhouse.*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

The Broadway Whirl. *Times Square.*—Richard Carle, Blanche Ring and others in an uneven, though at times pleasant, revue.

The Last Waltz. *Century.*—A regulation musical extravaganza, such as you used to see during Christmas vacation, with Straus music splendidly sung by Eleanor Painter, and James Barton showing that all the good slapstick comedians aren't in public office.

Sally. *New Amsterdam.*—Marilynn Miller, Leon Errol, music, dancing, practically everything that you want.

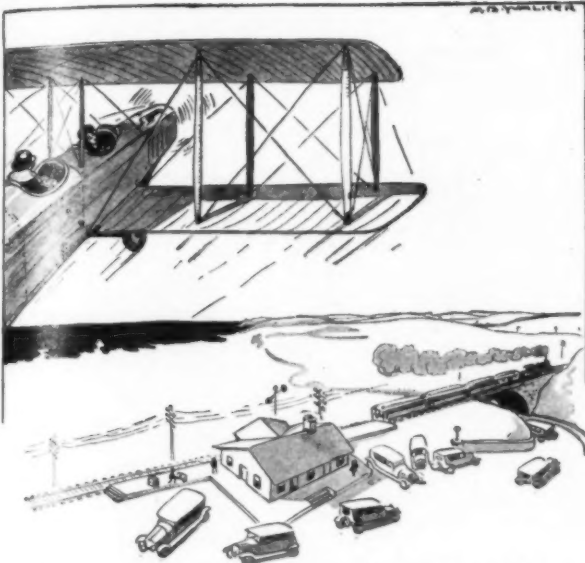
The Scandals of 1921. *Liberty.*—Better than previous "Scandals," but that is hardly smothering it with praise. Ann Pennington is there, as usual.

Shuffle Along. *Sixty-Third Street.*—In spite of the distance uptown, this company of colored singers and dancers have been packing 'em in every night just on the strength of the irresistible zip with which they do things.

Two Little Girls in Blue. *George M. Cohan's.*—The Fairbanks Twins and their little boy friends dance prettily to a pleasing score.

The Whirl of New York. *Winter Garden.*—The old-time "Belle of New York" made into a Winter Garden show of superior quality (superior for the Winter Garden).

Ziegfeld Follies. *Globe.*—An evening's entertainment in which almost everyone ought to be able to find something helpful. Fannie Brice, Raymond Hitchcock, W. C. Fields and others furnish the comedy.



Commuter: James, I see I have just missed the 8:10, so fly on to the next station and I'll wait for it there.

This Is the Time of Year When the June Brides Have Discovered—

THAT Harold's mother cooked things differently.
That theatres have balconies.
That Monday is wash day.
That taxicabs are a foolish expenditure of money.
That instalment furniture is all it's cracked up to be.
That engagement solitaires sometimes have flaws in them.
That credit men are the most obstinate things.
That Harold plans to spend their vacation at home.



Both Golfers (writing down their scores): D— that bird!



"Nevermore"

Bank Note

ROSIE heard that Bill Jones was a crank,
Her friends told her, too, that he drank,
But she said, "Never fear—
He's Assistant Cashier;
You can't get a bad Bill at the bank."

No Interference

"TO what do you attribute the great success of the play?" asked the reporter.
"The success of the play is due to the severe illness of the author," replied the stage director.



"Well, Jen, now that we've decided to get a divorce, who's goin' to have the custody of the children?"



Pedestrian: Look what you did to my hat, and it cost me five dollars.

Golfer: I said "fore"

"All right. I'll take it."

News Sense

"THIS paper says it'll rain to-day."
"Well, why don't you buy some other paper?"

Author's Note

THE two cents an ounce it costs to mail a manuscript doesn't make it first-class matter.



Chorus of Envious Men: Throw him back—he's too small to keep.

The Life Guard

I'VE always wondered what makes life-guards look so sad. Is it the taste of the brine as they sweep seaward in search of a struggler in the waves? Is it the thought, ever-present, of the danger and death lurking in the green-hued breakers for the venturesome? What is it that lends the Hamlet-like air to the sun-bronzed, Hermesian features of the guards at the beach? Can it be that—?

Now I know!

It was through a newspaper I read. The dispatch told of the rescue of a woman by a lifeguard. As a reward she married him.

From the look of most lifeguards they have all been married by the women they rescued, and consider the reward more than they deserve—or can bear!

I know a lad who wants to be a life-guard. He is taking swimming lessons from a sad-faced one now. I think I'll advise him to train for a subway-guard instead. It's much less crushing, I imagine!

Russell E. Smith.

The Fatal Samovar

or
Royalty's Ruse

DAWN, and with it—realization. Olga sat up on her pallet and pressed both hands against her eyes as if to shut out the grim, awful picture of the gallows that awaited her; for to-day was to be her last.

Any hope of rescue she may have had died in her breast as she heard the measured tread of sentries in the corridors.

Came the noise of someone unlocking the door of her cell, and she shrank back against the wall cowering in her fear as a tall, booted figure entered. And then in the gray light that came through the bars of her window she recognized him and started to her feet in astonishment, for there in the uniform of a Cossack was the Grand Duke Paul.

"Excellency," she murmured, and would have sunk to her knees, but he held up his hand to stop her.

In an instant he was at her side.

"Sh-h—here I am known as Dimitroff Gabrilowitz the Avenger. I have come for you in place of Sergius, who is alive but sorely wounded. Your friends have not been idle. Is it not strange that Nicholas Nicholovitch has not come for



Art for Art's Sake

you and that his men are still awaiting orders? Tell me, Olga," he added laughingly. "What do you think Nicholas found in his glass of tea last night?"

"His spoon," replied Olga.

THE END

Harvey Kent.

Cheaper at Any Rate

FIRST MOTORIST: I had a drink of real moonshine the other day.

SECOND MOTORIST: How was it?

"I find that I can get about the same result if I kiss a spark-plug when my motor is running."



Culprit: Ye see, judge, I never had a chance. I wuz left an orphan and the guy wot adopted me wuz a lowbrow and his wife wuz a lowneck.

The SILENT DRAMA

The Sign on the Door

NORMA TALMADGE is getting back to Normalcy.

That is to say, she has abandoned her dizzying ascent into the realms of high "art" (as exemplified in "The Passion Flower"), and has returned to the more lowbrow type of thriller that made her famous, and at which she excels.

The story of "The Sign on the Door" is taken from Channing Pollock's play of the same name, and is somewhat better as a film than it was in stage form. Miss Talmadge appears to great advantage as the young wife who compromises herself to protect her stepdaughter from the machinations of a diabolically attractive villain; and Lew Cody lends a note of decided authority to the home-wrecker rôle. Herbert Brenon directed the picture, and he has handled the scenes with considerable skill.

"The Sign on the Door" is not intellectual entertainment—it imposes little upon the cerebral faculties of its audiences—but it is a consistently absorbing movie, and therefore worth its weight in the box office.

The Golden Snare

IF it were not for the presence of Wallace Beery in the cast, "The Golden Snare" would be nothing more than a



dull reiteration of the old frozen North story which has consumed so many pages of our literature, and so many feet of our motion picture film. Mr. Beery, however, is an actor so far above the common run of stock movie villains that he can take a stereotyped rôle and turn it into a fine characterization. He has done this in "The Golden Snare," and as a result of his efforts the picture contains more rugged interest than most variations of the theme.

An Unwilling Hero

THERE are somewhat more than the usual quota of laughs in Will Rogers' new picture, "An Unwilling Hero," due partly to the efforts (histrionic and literary) of Mr. Rogers himself, and partly to the O. Henry story upon which the photoplay is based.

As in "Jubilo," Mr. Rogers portrays a genial tramp, with the tramp's time honored aversion to cleanliness and toil. There is, perhaps, too much stress laid upon the former quality, and the scene which shows the hero escaping from a bath is over-long, and just a bit distasteful.

The Conquest of Canaan

ASIDE from a lamentable lack of that which, for want of a less descriptive word, is known as "plot," "The Conquest of Canaan" may be rated exceptionally high. This is probably due to the fact that there was little plot in the story as Booth Tarkington wrote it.

The principal virtue of the picture lies in the genuine quality of its backgrounds. Only a small part of it was made in a movie studio, the majority of its scenes being photographed in a real small town, which was evidently turned over to the Paramount company for the purpose. The members of the local population entered into the spirit of the thing, and all took their parts with great zest, so that the mob scenes are consistently convincing.

Thomas Meighan and Doris Kenyon are miscast in the leading rôles, but they

are both good enough to overcome the obstacles of unsuitable parts.

John Held's delightful art titles brighten the picture considerably.

Straight From Paris

YOU have to wait through several reels of appalling stupidity in the film, "Straight From Paris," before you come to the meat course; and it is scarcely worth the ordeal. Clara Kimball Young works hard (and there are several coy sub-titles inserted to inform the audience how youthful she looks), but neither the story nor the production is up to the standard.

"Straight From Paris" includes a few rather questionable touches, and we advise those who go to see the picture in censorless states to leave their children and grandparents at home.

Local Color

WE enjoyed reading in the newspapers about that wild party at a roadhouse in Woburn, Mass., which was attended by several film magnates, and which cost them upwards of \$175,000.

We had always wondered where the movie people got inspiration for the vast orgies that they show on the screen.

Robert E. Sherwood.



"He attacked me, and I killed him," says Norma Talmadge in "The Sign on the Door."



(Recent Developments will be found on page 29.)



Thomas Meighan has some difficulty locating the plot in "The Conquest of Canaan."

This Always Works—Try It!

By Paul F. Craig

JONES piloted his car to the curb, leaped out in such haste that he bowled over two pedestrians, and dashed into the shop just in time to get his wife a spool of thread before the establishment closed. He was returning to the machine when he saw a policeman standing in front of it, jotting down the number in a notebook.

Jones strolled past, thinking rapidly.

"Let's see," he mused, "parking is allowed here for one hour, and the car's only been there five minutes."

He checked that off.

"Ah! I know. It's that fire-hydrant. And that's ten dollars, at least."

Then he got the bright idea. Jumping on a street-car, he rode to his home, where he grabbed the telephone.

"H'lo, P'lice Station?" he inquired presently. "This is Jones of Home Avenue. My car was stolen right in front of my house. Snortz, 1921 model. License 123,456. Tourin' car. Red body, wire wheels. What? All right."

He replaced the receiver on the hook and sat down to wait. In half an hour the message came.

"Hello!" sang out the triumphant voice of the Law. "Mr. Jones? We've recovered your car, Mr. Jones. Get it any time at the station. It's all O.K. We got 'em before they left the city."

"S' what I call headwork," remarked Jones to himself as he left the house, a box of cigars (value \$2.50) tucked under his arm.



He took it to a higher court

I Never . . .

By Eugene M. Pharo

I NEVER have written a story which had a hero as handsome as a Greek god or a heroine of unrivalled beauty.

I never have allowed the silly sentimentality of love to seep into my tales.

I never have endowed my characters with untold wealth, with superb motor-cars, with simple but surprisingly expensive clothes, or with palatial mansions.

I never have permitted any story people of mine to visit New York City, or to be subjected to any of its (see magazines) influences.

I never have ended a story happily.

I never have enabled the gallant but anemic society man with one blow of his lily fist to knock out the ex-prizefighter, turned highwayman.

I never have shown the pathetic thankfulness with which the slums welcome the philanthropic visits of the society queen's daughter.

I never have shown a reform governor, his ears deaf to the demands of the "ring," his heart softened by the pleadings of the poor widow, in the act of signing the bill which will make the commonwealth bone-dry.

I never have shown a worthy man in love with the forlorn wife of his unworthy neighbor.

I never have recoiled from telling disagreeable truths, nor wasted time searching for agreeable ones.

I never . . . have had a story printed in a magazine.

(The End)



Mr. Novice: I was told this would be a strenuous game, but I fail to see where the exercise comes in.



"Wouldn't it be great if we could have him home!"
"Not a chance. Fido would never stand for it."



Department Store Exquisites

There are times when we are actually compelled to take hat from head to W. Randolph Hearst, especially when he allows in his medium of information (at times) the statement that "maybe the reason most floorwalkers wear a flower in their buttonholes is because it wouldn't stay in their hair."

—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

When Men Wore Armor Plate

"Oh, Estelle, wouldn't you like to have been made love to by an old-time knight?"

"Nix on that, kiddo—sitting on an iron knee never appealed to me."

—*Florida Times-Union.*

Unprotected

"Is Kitty a friend of yours?"

"Yes, what has she been saying about me?"

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

So is peace, Sherman. So is peace.

—*Nashville Tennessean.*



"Who has taught you those naughty words?"

"Nobody, mama; I know them by heart."—*Klods-Hans.*

Temperament

Abe Erlanger, wise in his years, used to say that he never saw "any prima donna get temperamental with a policeman." But during the theatrical rehearsals it becomes static.

The contagion of temperament reaches even the stage carpenters, and they tell of one who suddenly threw down his hammer with: "I drive the best nail in town but nobody appreciates me."

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Small Scale

MRS. NEWLYWED (in department store): Do you carry any furniture for those cheap homes the housing corporations are building?

FLOORWALKER: Oh, yes, madam. Toy department, third floor.

—*Hojas Selectas (Barcelona).*

Digging Out

FIRST GOLFER: How is your game, Cliff?

SECOND GOLFER: Oh, I had to quit. My niblick got overheated.

—*New York World.*

The proper length for a skirt is just above reproach.—*Cleveland News.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Single current copies, 15 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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She
Comes!"**



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BASLINE AUTOWLINE snaps on instantly and securely with patented Snaffle Hooks. Light, compact—fits under seat cushion. Don't accept substitutions—insist on get-

ting this original wire rope towline—the one you know you can depend on.

POWERSTEEL AUTOWLOCK, also made of Yellow Strand Wire Rope, safeguards car and spare tire. Has non-pickable spring lock.

POWERSTEEL TRUCKLINE is a heavier line for towing trucks. With plain or Snaffle Hooks. A Jumbo for strength.

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For General Construction Work and Other Industrial Uses.



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If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Sure Relief



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Hot water
Sure Relief**

**BELL'S
FOR INDIGESTION**



Give Your Children *Pure Water!*

The hot days of summer are here—the days so dangerous to the health of children. With babies, particularly, you know the old saying: "Get them through the second summer, and most of your worries are over."

Take every precaution to safeguard the health of the little ones. You already see to it that they drink the purest milk obtainable. Pure water is just as essential—not only in Summer, but all-year-round.

The average public supply of water comes from rivers or lakes. It is laden with the soluble elements of animal and vegetable matter, as well as insoluble mineral impurities. Filtration or other treatment cannot possibly free it from all of these.

Discriminating people, who feel that the *best* is none too good when their health and their children's health is concerned, are turning to the *exclusive* use of Paradise Water, the *purest* water on record.

Paradise Water contains *no* insanitary impurities, and less than one grain of mineral matter in a gallon of 58,372 grains!

Don't take chances; put the whole family on Paradise Water—you'll soon see the good it does them. For Paradise not only has a purifying, up-building effect upon the general health, but it aids specifically in relieving disorders of the *stomach*, *kidneys* and *intestines*. Try a case—for your health's sake.



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FREE: 24-page booklet, "The Story of Paradise Spring," and names of Paradise dealers in your city. If there are none, we will supply you direct, carrying charges paid to any point East of the Mississippi and North of the Ohio River, and elsewhere not carrying excessive rates. Please enclose check with your order.

Case 1 dozen Quarts.....	Natural \$2.50.....	Carbonated \$3.00
Case 2 dozen Pints.....	Natural \$3.00.....	Carbonated \$3.50
Case 3 dozen Half-Pints.....		Carbonated (only) \$4.00

PARADISE SPRING COMPANY, BRUNSWICK, MAINE

PARADISE WATER

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in excellent condition"*

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says

Miss Carmen Pascova

*the noted Australian Mezzo-Soprano of the
Chicago Grand Opera Association*

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it constantly ever since. I wish to say that I have found it perfectly satisfactory, in every respect. I wouldn't be without it for anything.

"Not only does your cream keep the skin in excellent condition, but I have found that an application of it always has a most decided freshening effect upon me, especially after singing a

long, difficult operatic role.

"I am always 'overstocked' with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream and I am always recommending it to my sisters in the musical world.

"With every good wish, I am,

"Yours sincerely,
(Signed) "CARMEN PASCOVA
"Chicago Opera Association."

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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Next Best Thing

The office boy and his grandmother's funeral always were subject for jest. But when the test match is brought into the affair to make a jokable trio, it gets rather unnerving. Anyway, this particular stripling, having filled the "in" tray and emptied the "out," said to the chief: "Sir, I would like to go to a funeral this afternoon." The chief replied heartlessly: "Oh, you would, would you? Well, you won't." The boy, with all hopes gone of seeing the test, resignedly murmured: "No, Sir, I know I won't; but I would like to, all the same." There was something so tragic and appealing in the lad's voice that the chief couldn't resist asking: "Whose funeral?" Said the boy: "Yours, Sir." Exit. —*Sketch (London).*

The Very Man

It was at a big variety theatre, and "The Twelve Pound Look" was in the bill. Awaiting their turn, two cross-talk comedians stood in the wings, and idly watched the playlet. "Look here," said Bill, "whoever this chap Barrie is, he gets the laughs all right, and I've made up my mind about this—he writes our next!"—*London Opinion.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

The Madding Crowd

A hotel prospectus from Switzerland announces that:

"Weissbach is known as the favorite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking here from the four quarters of the globe."

Sunday at Home (London).

"They're Making a Wild Man of Me"

CHOLLY: Oh, yaws. In the Almy hospital I had a twained nurse.

ALGY: Dearie me, Cholly, you're so lucky. Poor Percy told me he had one of the wild ones who dwove him positively fwantic.

—*American Legion Weekly.*

A Clue

"The evidence seems to show," said the detective, "that the thief wore rubbers and walked backward."

"Then we must look out for a man with receding gums," remarked the wag of the force.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fair Warning, Anyhow

TEACHER: Johnny, your conduct is outrageous. I will have to consult your father.

JOHNNY: Better not, teacher—it will cost you two dollars. He's a doctor.

—*Buffalo Express.*

The Sultan of Zanzibar and his wives have landed at Durban. We understand that the captain asked him to count them carefully, as mistakes could not be rectified after leaving the ship.—*Punch.*

Knocking Society in England

THE anonymous knocker who scratched some of the Mirrors of Downing Street is now doing a like office with the Glass of Fashion. "The Mirrors" reflected statesmen and politicians. "The Glass" has to do with Society.

One hears that this redoubtable expositor is Mr. Harold Begbie, a well-known and practiced writer, with a disposition towards piety. He is not much pleased either with politics or with Society in England. He finds much fault, but none of it in malice. It is all in anxiety. He talks about fashionable manners and fashionable people in England and says to you: "Are people like these and manners like these fit to pull the world out of the hole it is in?"

The bases of most of his remarks in "The Glass of Fashion" are Mrs. Asquith's Memoirs and Colonel Reppington's Diary. He brings out these two well-known works and says: "Here are the documents in the case! This is what English society, English morals and English manners have come to. What do you think of it? Is it good enough? Is it serious enough? Is it sweet? Is it lovely? Is there any hope in it, or must something be done about it?"

At this writing "The Glass of Fashion" is not yet obtainable in this country, but it will be along presently, twice as big, no doubt, and twice as costly as it was in England, and when it comes it will be worth reading, if only for purposes of comparison in morality.

Second Place

SEXTON (*just before the big wedding*): Excuse me, sir, but are you the groom, sir?

BENDER: No; I'm only the runner-up.



MODERN ART

The Artist (*sneering*): What did you do before you became a critic?

The Critic (*ditto*): I was an artist.

"And why did you quit?"

"It was too easy."

—Numero (Turin).

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AND STATIONERY. ILLUSTRATIONS
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From severe nervousness, depression, sleeplessness and general break-down when you can cure yourself?

Having suffered from these deadly attacks, I have devoted eight years of study to their cure and am prepared to give full information to men and women. A personal letter outlining the most effective principles and natural laws insuring speedy recovery, bodily and mentally, will be sent upon receipt of \$5.00; no other charges.

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Brilliant, B. C. Canada



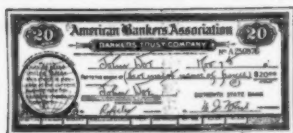
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Facts About "A.B.A." Cheques

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is tipped with natural Iridium
because it is the best material
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is out of date.

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tions renewed at this rate.
LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York

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Nice New Crimes for the Innocent

THE theory of punishment is that it is good for us when we have earned it. New opportunity for attaining whatever benefit it affords is offered in Pennsylvania by a new law which requires display of the flag of the United States "reasonably clean and in good repair" at all public entertainments and halls, auditoriums, tents, rooms or places of amusement. Churches and places used for religious worship are exempt, but if you hire a hall for a show and do not put a reasonably clean flag up, the penalty is \$100. Life must be very easy and inexpensive in Pennsylvania to justify the legislature in resorting to such means as that to detach honest people from their money!

The Michigan legislature lately had an opportunity to establish a new crime. The Welsh newspaper libel bill prohibited newspapers from attacking, misrepresenting or adversely commenting on religious cults. It was aimed at Henry Ford's paper. The bill passed the Michigan House and actually passed the State Senate, but when a Senator discovered over night that there were a good many things in the Bible that could not be printed in Michigan if the bill became a law, the Senate reconsidered it.

So theologians can still bite thumbs at one another in Michigan without being fined or imprisoned.

Competition

MODERN girls' scant-skirt styles long since dealt a knockout blow to the burlesque shows; and now why go to the movies when you can look out of your front window almost any time and watch a holdup?

AT WORK OR PLAY

Snap fasteners permit easy change of buckles

THE BELT WITH THE COMFORT FEATURE

BRAXTON

THE BELT FOR MEN

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MADE IN U.S.A. GENUINE CAMPBELL PRODUCT

The extra thickness over the hips is shaped to fit the body. Ample pliable and yielding to the movement of the muscles it allows the belt to be worn comparatively loose and still give to the trousers that so desired support and stylish hang.

Manufactured by
THE PERKINS-CAMPBELL CO.
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THE SILENT DRAMA Recent Developments

(The regular Silent Drama department will be found on page 22)

The Conquering Power. *Metro.*—Balzac's novel, "Eugénie Grandet," converted into a photoplay of great pictorial value. Directed by Rex Ingram, and acted by a fine cast.

Behind Masks. *Paramount.*—Dorothy Dalton in a consistently mediocre movie.

School Days. *Vitagraph.*—Another highly destructive Larry Semon comedy—not quite so funny as usual.

Love's Penalty. *First National.*—A dreary, illogical drama, featuring that stalwart star, White Hope Hampton. Percy Marmont, as a villain of deepest dye, bears most of the brunt of the plot in praiseworthy fashion.

Scrap Iron. *First National.*—Some of the fight scenes in this exceptional picture have been erased by the censors; but it takes more than a censor to detract from the vigor of Charles Ray's punch.

The Woman God Changed. *Paramount.*—Great expenditure of money and effort on an absurd story.

Reputation. *Universal.*—Priscilla Dean is doubly effective in a dual rôle.

Through the Back Door. *United Artists.*—Not Mary Pickford's best, by any means, but good enough.

The Golem. *Riesensfeld.*—Vivid drama of religious strife in the 17th century, splendidly acted against startlingly effective backgrounds.

The Old Nest. *Goldwyn.*—Rupert Hughes starts out to paint the tragedy of motherhood with a sympathetic brush, and ends up by painting it with a motion picture camera.

Carnival. *United Artists.*—Some excellent views of Venice, interspersed with snatches of fairly interesting drama.

Among Those Present. *Pathé.*—Harold Lloyd as a bell-boy who impersonates a foreign nobleman at a fashionable garden party. The resultant complications furnish plenty of laughs.

Without Benefit of Clergy. *Pathé.*—Faithful transcription of Kipling's famous story, well directed by James Young, and well acted by Virginia Brown Faire.

Salvation Nell. *First National.*—Dull depiction of the triumph of virtue over vice.

Home Talent. *Associated Producers.*—A long and utterly pointless Mack Sennett farce—unredeemed save for a few beautiful photographs of attractively undraped young ladies.

The Soul of the Cyprus. *Scenic.*—A fantastic little tale of the love of a dryad for a mortal, with many beautiful photographs of the Southern California coast.

At the Ringside. *Pathé.*—An unusually uproarious fight comedy, in which a mule provides the knock-out punch.

For Review Next Week.—"The Journey's End" and "Little Italy."

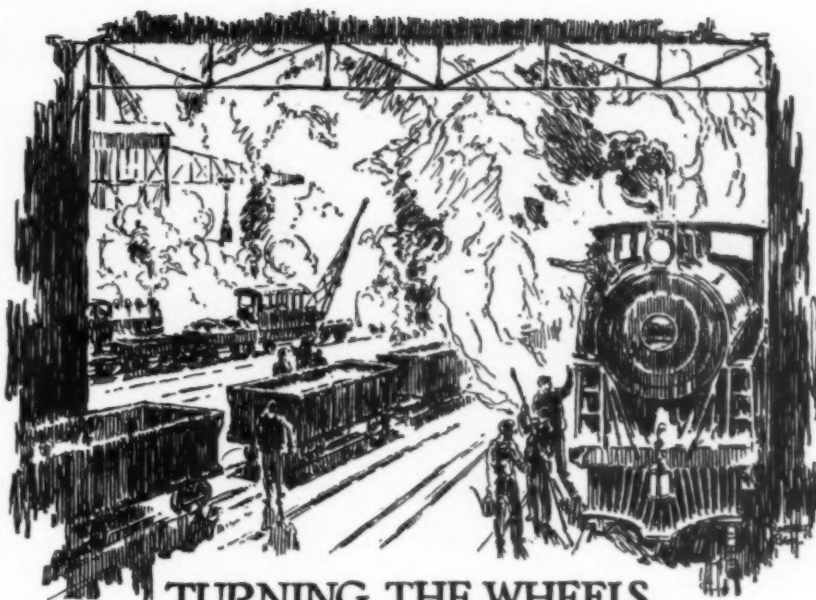
An Infringement

FOREMAN: What are you doin' of, James?

BRICKLAYER: Sharpenin' a bit o' pencil.

FOREMAN: You'll 'ave the Union after you, me lad. That's a carpenter's job.

—Punch.



TURNING THE WHEELS OF TRADE

THE chief function of a commercial bank is to make usable the credit which business, by its operations, creates. The Continental and Commercial Banks by reason of their large resources and wide connections, make the doing of business easier. Thus they aid in turning the wheels of industry.

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How every Girl can be at her best

"My dear, I want to talk to you about something that every girl ought to know.

"You know how much a girl's daintiness and charm have to do with her success and happiness in business and social life. She can't afford to let the least thing mar that sweet daintiness.

"She may be beautifully gowned; she may take infinite pains with her lingerie, her hair, her hands and the other little touches that mean so much.

"But—this is what I want to talk to you particularly about—

"All this daintiness is completely ruined by the odor of perspiration and the other body odors to which people are subject.

"Perspiration is nature's way of carrying off the poisons generated by the system. And, of course, no one wants to check this wholesome process.

"But that is no reason why people should be bothered by the odor of perspiration.

"Mum" is the word

"Every morning I apply a little 'Mum' and enjoy the comfortable assurance that I shall be free from all body odors for the rest of the day and evening.

"No, 'Mum' does not check perspiration or other body functions. And there is nothing that can irritate the skin or harm the daintiest gown. So that's why I say to you most earnestly 'Mum' is the word.

"And then there's another thing—the hair under the arms and on the limbs. I have found an exceptional hair-remover called Evans's Depilatory Outfit. I like it because it removes the hair with so little trouble and leaves the skin so smooth and comfortable, and because the Outfit comes complete."

"Mum" 25c—

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(Continued from page 6)

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Fifty quarts of ice cream from Mrs. Mary H. Greims, Ridgefield, Conn.

Several hundred copies of "The Boys' Magazine," from the Scott F. Redfield Co., Smethport, Pa.

Three full page advertisements for the Farm, appearing in the summer issues of "The Osteopath," this space having been given by Mr. R. H. Williams, editor of the magazine.

One Giant Stride and one Special Slide for the play ground, with all necessary parts and equipment, from Mr. Hugh Hill, of the Hill-Standard Co., Anderson, Indiana.



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Snob and Nob

Those who work for lower wages during a strike are called "snobs," the men who stand out being "nobs."—*De Quincey*.

SO that's how it is! Snobbery and nobbery are products of the labor movement. They wear the union label. This is interesting. It is interesting not alone because anything that is a product of labor nowadays is *ipso facto* interesting but because it shows how times have changed since the days of De Quincey. Mr. Gompers probably would resent the suggestion that as a labor leader he is either a snob or a nob—yet presumably all labor men belong to one class or the other. Or is it that with the growth of the movement there have come new and finer distinctions, necessitating a reclassification of labor under such headings as snobs, straight snobs, 100 per cent. snobs, one-half of one per cent. snobs, nobby snobs, nobs, straight nobs, 100 per cent. nobs, one-half of one per cent. nobs, and snobbish nobs?

Whatever it is, it is evident that the old snob and nob of De Quincey's day are things of the past, obsolete terms like work.

Popular Fiction

"LET Bygones Be," by Gones.

"Yes," by George.

"Rock A," by Baby.

"The Fly," by Night.

"Man Cannot Live," by Bread A. Lone.

"Not," by A. Jugful.

"Missed," by A. Mile.

"How to Beat Wall Street," by Hooker Crook.

"Margot Asquith's Auto," by Ography.

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Seasick?

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All Races are learning a new way to clean teeth

This new way to clean teeth is spreading all the world over. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. To millions of people it is daily bringing whiter, safer teeth.

Everyone should make this ten-day test. See and feel the benefits it brings. Compare the new way with the old.

To fight film

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their chief enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. It dims the luster, spoils the beauty and causes most tooth troubles.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

This pleasant ten-day test

We supply a pleasant ten-day test to everyone who asks. That test is most convincing. The results are a revelation.

Each use fights film in two effective ways. It also brings three other effects which authorities deem essential.

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Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Much stays intact

The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat film. The tooth brush, therefore, leaves much of it intact. So teeth discolor and decay despite the daily brushing. Very few people escape.

Dental science has long sought ways to fight that film. Two ways have now been found. High authorities advise them. Many careful tests have proved them.

Both are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this modern tooth paste, nearly all the world over, is bringing a new dental era.

Thus every use immensely aids the natural forces designed to protect the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Watch the five effects. Repeat them for ten days. Then let the clear results show you what this method means, both to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free

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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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